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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Coming of Night

Above the far hill the sun hangs, dropping slowly, like a golden ball, behind the solemn trees. Shadows lengthen, and from within the forest hem the birds, one by one, begin their evening song, till all are enlisted in the chorus, and the happy hills resound with music.

Now the sun is lost to view, but the sky is all aglow with rosy light. Shadow deepens; bird-song lessens—only wood-thrush notes ring clear and sweet through the silence. The last rosy tint leaves the sky; the last note of song dies away; the rustle of the folding wing is still. Dark comes, and, under the stars that sentinel the night, the all but hushed voices of the winds whisper "Peace!"

GEORGE A. WHITMARSH.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1908 | NUMBER 9

If we will have nasty things, shoddy things, ugly things, we are condemning somebody to make them. If we will have impossibly cheap things we are condemning somebody to work without proper pay.

—Bernard Bosanquet.

Rev. John A. Earle, pastor of the Belden Avenue Baptist Church in Chicago, dealt in unanswerable logic and plain common sense last Sunday when he argued that the man and woman who indulge in poker games and bridge whist for stakes are gambling and ought to be subject to the same laws and police regulations as the "slot machine, roulette wheel and book-making establishments," even though these ladies and gentlemen are church members and live on the boulevard. The appetite for speculation, the relish of the excitement that goes with the uncertainties of the game, are sufficiently alert without being fostered by those who have least excuse for such dissipation, and its example and precedent go the further. We do not know whether to cry "Shame!" or "Alas, poor imbeciles!" over those who, in homes furnished with all the luxuries of modern life, with the symbols of culture and art all around them, books and pianos within reach, still must needs seek the gambler's diversion.

There is more than passing significance in the despatch that reports W. K. Vanderbilt as saying, when commenting on the marital troubles of his brother Alfred, "Men and women today live in the strenuous atmosphere that will not endure any one thing for long. Marriage is one of the things that can only continue pleasantly with the simple life." In the same connection Frank Gould is reported to have said, "If I was a poor chap we might have been happy still. Money did it." It is a trite saying that reforms must begin in the nursery, but it is equally true that civilization cannot advance much further among the favored until there is a reform in the wardrobe and the larder, a simplification of life—not from outward necessity but from inward choice. When the so-called "favored" elect to live in fewer and smaller houses with a simpler retinue and plainer surroundings, there will be life and means left for them to enjoy happy homes, to further high causes and to enrich themselves by usefulness.

John Faville, pastor of the Congregational Church at Appleton, Wisconsin, and Mr. Mangasarian, of the Independent Religious Society of Chicago, are both reported as having requested the women in their congregations hereafter to listen on Sunday mornings with unhatted heads, both basing their request on the very ethical and entirely religious ground of justice to others. If the absurdity of the "merry widow" hat will only help establish this courtesy on the part of women to their fellow listeners in a public assembly, and a mark of deference to the speaker, its coming will be a boon. The woman's hat cannot always remain a thing apart from the laws of economy, art and courtesy, and those who insist on taking them seriously cannot always be disposed of by a laugh or answered by a superficial "crank" charge or the cynic's retort, "They all do it," and "You're another." Great violence is done to the ethical sense, particularly of the young, by the "giggle" and the "joke" where sober thought and honest confession to one's own soul should obtain.

Another man-of-war, a British cruiser, has fallen the easy victim of an ordinary ship of the line. The St. Paul, a passenger boat built in the United States, broke the English fighting vessel almost in two by the accidental collision caused by a snow storm. In a few minutes the fighting instrument went below, dragging with it thirty or more lives. There seems to be no disposition to lay the blame anywhere. It was one of the "accidents" such as are liable to happen on land or on sea. But incidentally it teaches in a graphic way the mortality of battle ships, the uncertain and purely experimental quality of these alleged terrible fighting machines. It seems as though in naval warfare at the present time, it is largely a question as to who will get in the first blow. Surely the safety of nations, aye, the test of prowess and power, must rest on something more substantial than the power of the modern warship in giving or resisting injury.

Is there no way of teaching the absurdity of the big navy craze for a nation of the size, intelligence, sobriety, civic skill and heroism of the United States? Mechanical and logical as well as ethical laws pronounce the whole business silly. When arguments fail, perhaps ridicule may bring the bumptious and pugnacious lot to their senses.

The last book to reach our editorial table is the "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by her husband, Professor Palmer, of Harvard—a delicate task most felicitously performed. Professor Palmer needed all his skill in the use of the English language, plus a radiant character and a triumphant love, to make the fine narrative possible. Nothing but the burdensome

multiplicity of books, the bewildering flood of printer's ink, can prevent this book from becoming a life-helping and soul-transforming power in the hands of young women and right-minded young men, numbered by the hundred thousands. What an heroic life! What a serene life! How much she did, and how abundant her leisure and enjoyment! How sane was her radicalism! How safe was her conservatism! While rejoicing in the Woman's Building and its convincing exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, we are told that she did not join the women in this venture because, in her view, "the dignified position of men and women is in comradeship and not in places apart." Adding to the grace of scholarship and the power of leadership, the book shows what an exquisite housekeeper she was—"the special delicacy and neatness" were ever in evidence. If she was missed from the library she could generally be found in the kitchen; "but the housekeeping was kept simple; its pleasures were rooted in elemental things. The modern city establishment incongruously dropped among the fields, where it never grew, yields no such easy conjunction with nature." After appreciating to the full the "fineries" of a young bride's wardrobe, she says: "Do not wear them too often here. Clothes that put a distance between you and other people are not nice." Let every woman whose club engagements, household cares, hired girl perplexities and wardrobe expenses leave her gasping for breath, with no time or money for civic or religious service, read this book. In the words of her biographer, "let the plain housekeeper learn how ever under pressure one may keep cool, happy and hardly in haste." But better is her own direct testimony: "The woman who belongs to the well-to-do class and hires others to do her domestic work has time for whatever interests her most—only let her interests be noble."

W. H. Allen, secretary of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, has been in Chicago recently telling some very plain though shocking and startling truths about the private charities and the many genteel leisure class industries, for the advancement of which so much elaborate machinery is kept going. He spoke of the institutions "organized to demonstrate public needs and demands" soon becoming interested in some small fraction of the needy ones, becoming conscious of self and fighting for self-preservation, although the organization had done its work and had better die. There is nothing sadder than the frantic effort of philanthropic committees, women's clubs and masculine boards to keep agoing organizations from which the inspiration is largely gone, the unconscious motive being partly to justify "last year's subscriptions" and to preserve the self-respect of present administration by doing as much or more. Mr. Allen told the "Social Service Club" of Chicago that it was a misdirected benevolence that emptied their pocketbooks for the sake of carrying one or two hundred babies out into the country in mid-summer while thousands were dying every week for want of the municipal action and civic integrity that would give the babies at home pure milk and pure air, however meager the income or remote the side street upon which they lived. He showed how pitiable is the energy and money that sustain a private bath that will accommodate thirty-eight or forty people a day, while a public bath should take care of five thousand a day, and while there is no water in the second story of the tenement houses. The writer of this note knows only so much of Mr. Allen's argument as was reported in the daily papers, but this line of argument suggests the inadequacy, even the debilitating influence, upon the municipality of so much of the specialized "charities," so-called, sustained by the churches and the modern clubs of various names and all sects. The problems of sanitation, even of sobriety, and a high degree of civic morality are very simple when considered from the standpoint of the municipality and grappled by the entire people. But they are too tremendous in their proportion ever to be handled by the philanthropy of individuals or well-meaning groups of men and women who occasionally, say once a week, get together to consider what they can do about it. A few favored streets may be swept by private "city beautiful organizations," but a clean city is possible only by a house cleaning administration, a municipal movement reaching from the mayor to the garbage man. Potency is in the ballot box. Efficient direction must come through the voter and the adequate resources by way of the tax list. Let the philanthropic man persistently pursue the furies of pestilence, squalor, disease and immorality to their lair, kept by the partisan boss, the ward healer, the corrupt politician and mischief plotting saloons, and let women in their clubs and elsewhere move the previous question, demand more persistently and intelligently the right to use the most effective weapon—the right of suffrage. Then they will be able to occupy more effectively, not their "woman's" sphere, but their human sphere. Their greatest potency is with and among men.

Platform Making]

From this time until after the presidential conventions in June platform-making will be a leading industry among the politicians. In Illinois republicans and democrats have already offered provisional sketches for their respective national conventions. A "personal liberty plank," for strategic reasons, has been favored by both parties here, so that each party will have equal claim to the respect of the opposition to the "no-license movement," for which they will be ready to suffer the equal blame from the other side. It will require high workmanship to draw the line between the Roosevelt republicanism and the Bryan democracy, but of course it can be done by injecting a fair amount of praise of "our party" and reproach of "their party."

But it is safe to assume that the most vital and

prophetic questions in American statesmanship will go without honest recognition in either party platform. It is hardly probable that the mother of corruption, the fertile source of undeserving wealth—the tariff—can be brought to a fair issue at the polls in the next presidential election, because academic conviction and private interest are at such variance. The clear-headed "free trader" too often sees in his clear convictions against the baby cry of "Protection," a menace to his own personal interests; and the capitalists on both sides will be loath to endanger their profits by a righteous act.

Forestry Reserves is another problem, the just settlement of which will interfere with private interests. Obviously, the true economy, the far-reaching wisdom, would place every growing tree under government control, allowing no man the freedom to lay vandal hands on his own acres except under the supervision and with the consent of some guardian of the common wealth, some representative of the state.

In connection with the preservation of the forests goes the attendant question of the utilization of the rivers. The public ownership of the water in desert countries is more or less established. Why not say all rivers, everywhere, belong to the public, the whole public? The old distinction between navigable and unnavigable streams is unreal. Every mountain-born stream or power-growing spring as a source of energy uncreated by man is intimately related to the public weal. Not until water power as well as water is regarded as a part of the common wealth will the higher interests of the state, which is always allied to the highest prosperity of the individual, be secured.

It is not likely, again, that either of the great parties will speak honest words and push with honest vigor the demand for a postal savings bank, the long postponement of which is a reproach to our republic, the shame of Congress; the delay of which is easily traceable to the fact that such a law would menace the present speculative element in private banking, and would logically call for the undertaking on the part of the government of large improvements, heroic enterprises, looking towards the advancement of the resources of the country in the constructing of water ways, irrigating schemes, tree-growing ventures, for which there would be money in abundance. In exchange for this the government could pay an adequate interest to the people who would trust it with their capital. These large government expenditures are now clamored for only in the interest of war. Peace stands ready to justify similar adventures whenever the greed of those who at present possess or control capital and the timidity of those who itch for political position can be overcome.

The "wet" or "dry" question, so dominant in state and local politics just now will be studiously evaded by the large platform-makers. So also will the most fundamental and imperative problem in constructive politics today—the basing of the ballot on peace, not on war considerations; the summoning in of the reserve forces, giving the women, already trained and equipped for citizenship, the responsibility and the opportunity of exercising the same.

There are class questions still imperative in American politics. The affirmations of the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation and the attendant amendments, are still unrealized, waiting either to be disproven or to be enforced.

And lastly, the indignity to democracy, the offense to republicanism, represented by the words "possessions," "conquests," "subject-people," "world-power," and all the humiliations and disgraces connected with the Philippine islands, their conquest and their management, will be left out of the platforms, or stated in Pickwickian phrases. Campaign speeches will exploit the benignant "big brother" in their rhetoric, while the cut-throat tariff imposed upon the "little brown brother" will go unrebuked and uncorrected. The inspirations of war, the military and naval ambitions awakened by the Dewey triumphs in Manila Bay, will in the main go unrebuked in the platforms, and whichever party is elected, the attempt to reform the same will be likely to be halting and half-hearted.

Here, then, is a splendid program, large issues, real problems, which will be largely left outside of both the dominant parties in the next presidential campaign.

What is left for the honest voter to do? Nourish his independence, exercise the right of scratching, cultivate the spirit of protest, work and wait, wait and work, for the coming of that party which already exists in the minds of the noble and will in due time be born, reach its majority, do its work and, in the fulness of time, like its predecessors, wax old, inefficient, and die, from the conservatism that characterizes old age and its senility.

The Other-Fellow Club

Not long since we happened on a curious sort of club. It might be called the Quiet Club, but it goes as the Other-Fellow Club. The basis of membership is to make some one happy, or relieve some trouble at least once a week, and always when opportunity affords. Whatever is accomplished is not to be talked about, especially not boastfully. There are no meetings for talking, and there seems to be no necessity for anyone to preach to the club, although we believe that occasionally an address is heard, a short one, from some one peculiarly qualified. The aim is to secure the happiness of other people, believing that by doing that the generous actor gets happiness for himself—in a quiet way. It is recognized that common charity has a boastful side to it. The members of this club do not wish to develop one meanness by exercising one virtue. We noticed occasionally in their houses this motto, printed inside a wreath of oak leaves, "We pledge ourselves to watch over each other for good and not for evil." They explained that the club, or as

some called it the church, had no creed, but that this pledge expressed their relation to each other. While working for others a desire to help each other is the spirit of this motto.

Conversing further with the members, we found the purpose of these people was very simple. It has been the mistake of folk generally to try to get happiness both in this world and in the next, for themselves. Salvation too often means self-saving, and it is no wonder that in our creeds it involves a deal of damnation for other people. The self-centered person is always getting into trouble. As one of them explained to us, "What we need is to make 'tother fellow happy. See to that, and the chances are nine to one that he will try to make us happy. Heaven is something that we ignore, and do not strive for it at all. We do not see the advantage of a place where we cannot be constantly trying to help somebody. Our object is to make the conditions of someone else heavenly; and so create sunshine, love and sweetness all about us." "What are the results?" we asked. "Just jolly," was the quaint reply. "We get nothing but good and nothing but pleasure out of it. Nearly all that is done is in the way of trifles; little things that cost us little, but the very doing of them reacts upon ourselves." Mahomet said that one might kindle a thousand candles with his own, and not lose any of his own candle by doing it. We believe this is the correct principle. We get rid of a great deal of self dissatisfaction by getting rid of gossip, and we sleep better for having made others' pillows soft and pleasant.

We have thought this matter over, and are inclined to believe that the Other-Fellow Club is just about what is needed everywhere. It cuts out all creed dispute and all religious contention. The object is not to make others believe as we do, but to make them comfortable and happy. There can be no debate about salvation, for its members are not trying to be saved, only to save others. Is it not possible to multiply the Other-Fellow Club until it covers the land? It might be called the Church on Wheels, for it has in reality no local restrictions. It is neither evangelical nor radical. Any poor limited character can do a little good every day, and any day, and so become a member of the universal club. It would admit Calvin, but Parker as well. The only thing that could be done about it would be to keep out of it by selfishness.

E. P. POWELL.

May we, then, this day, and through all coming time, seek the Good! Let us give our thought to virtue; our wills to righteousness; our hands to helpfulness; make the religion we profess a religion of saving power; live in the Ideal; in the sphere of exalted sentiment and exalting deed. And this shall be to us a new and actual redeemer, a salvation from sin; an ever-increasing commonwealth of right and blessedness. We shall be growing in harmony with the upward-trending Nature of Things.—*James H. West.*

Co-Operation at Work

From March 3 to 27 I visited twenty-eight towns in southeast Minnesota and western Wisconsin, making thirty-one addresses to meetings of coöperative store members and the public. The twenty-eight stores are part of a system now numbering fifty-four, which have been organized in the last three years by an association known as the Right Relationship League, of Minneapolis. The members of the stores are mostly farmers who became stockholders by paying, or promising to pay, $100. This gives equal ownership, equal authority, equal responsibility and equal benefits. When, as nearly as may be, 100 members have been secured in proximity to a country town a corporation is organized and a leading general store of the town is bought out, the former owner continuing as manager. A whole county is covered by one corporation and each store in the county is a department or branch of that corporation. Each branch has its local executive committee and one or more members of the board of directors, but it is under the rules and direction of the company officers and a general manager. Thus the Polk County Coöperative Company has ten stores, the Pepin County Company has nine, others have less and the new ones only one. This process of organization is now going on at a comparatively rapid rate, so that in the last two months nine new stores have been acquired. The stores are all good ones, are well kept and enjoy a good trade. In addition to the patronage already enjoyed by the owner there is added the membership purchasing power and influence. The companies are democratically ruled, as each member can own but one share and each has one vote.

All the stores are operated on the same plan, substantially the famous Rochdale System. They all use the by-laws and rules formulated by the Right Relationship League and are under the close supervision of the League. The League has organizers in the field securing new members for the old stores as well as for new ones. Officers of the League and an auditor look closely after the conduct of the business, though they have no legal connection or control.

I took this round with one of the officers of the League, as much to examine the condition of the stores and the temper of the people as to give them such information and encouragement as I might. It was gratifying to find a real coöperative enthusiasm with more interest in the ethical and social aspects than the saving of money. There was no acrimonious spirit towards the merchant and business class. They have been told and have learned by experience that there is not a large profit in retailing or in merchandising of any sort. They understand that it is the good management and the quick turnover and the small profits on large aggregate operations than accumulates capital. They make no attack on other traders. They do not sell cheaper. They are told that whatever profits can be made should be accumulated for working capital.

Steps were taken at a meeting we held in Minneapolis to form a coöperative wholesale league. The League stores now sell at the rate of one and one-third millions a year, which may reasonably be counted on to double within a year. This will make a good wholesale business and will yield as much profit as the retailing. The federation will next undertake the manufacture of such goods as are largely used, as, for instance, flour, cured meats and canned goods.

The coöperative system of England and Scotland is a good guide to go by. The English Wholesale does an annual business of $110,000,000 and manufactures $35,000,000 of these goods in its own factories. The mem-

bership of the English and Scottish retail stores is 2,200,000, representing a population equal to the half dozen states of the middle northwest. All these British stores, of which there are 1,600, with a large number of branches, have been started in a much smaller way than these League stores, but these Minnesota and Wisconsin coöperators understand that they also must begin at the bottom and grow up. They are modest in their expectations. It is not a class movement, but membership is open to every man or woman of whatever vocation. All members have the same voice and the same benefits. Half dividend is allowed to non-members as an inducement to trade and to become members, as well as to keep out of the members' minds the idea of making money off of other people. Interest at 6 per cent is allowed on the capital, a per cent is allowed for depreciation of buildings and fixtures, a per cent for educational and propaganda purposes, a per cent for surplus, and the remainder is returned to members in proportion of their purchases.

There is an advisory board and educational bureau, consisting of five directors of the League and one member from each of the companies, which helps to keep the League and all the stores in close touch.

A second annual conference was held in Minneapolis in January, at which about 200 officers, managers and members of the stores were in attendance. At this conference it was suggested that a series of meetings be held in different localities and that I be one of a missionary party to address these meetings. These thirty-one meetings began the afternoon of March 3 at Welcome, Minn., about 100 miles southwest of Minneapolis. This is in the heart of the wheat and corn section on the southern border of the state. There has long been a coöperative creamery in the town, which has taught the farmers the benefits of coöperation. At the appointed hour the hitching racks along the main street were filled with sleigh teams, of heavy, sober-looking Percheron horses. Except in the French horse markets, I had never seen so massive a collection of draught horses. After inspecting the store and finding it well supplied with all that a farmer or villager needs, we were taken to dinner by Manager Zettel, the former owner, and enjoyed a couple of hours in his hospitable home, where nine rosy children are growing up to do their parents honor. At 2:30 the town hall was fairly filled with an attentive audience, mostly of stalwart farmers, a large portion of them of foreign birth or parentage. After the public meeting we conferred with the directors and officers, who showed a strong disposition to push things. Some of them wanted to build a new store, which we urged them not to do until they secured enough additional members to pay for it. With this understanding they decided to go to work on new members and a new store.

The evening of the same day we spoke to a meeting in the Opera House at Fairmont, a well built and prosperous town of perhaps 2,500 inhabitants. In this case the store had recently been turned over to the coöperative association by a very capable and prosperous merchant named Fancher. He, like most of the other merchants who have sold out to the coöperators, has become quite converted to the new idea of business. The store started with a membership of 117, and with Mr. Fancher's popularity in the town and vicinity it promises exceedingly well.

Following this we visited about a dozen towns in southeastern Minnesota, sometimes three towns in one day, and at Red Wing held two meetings the same day. In one case we drove ten miles in a sleigh. Some of the audiences were almost solidly Norwegian, and at New Prague they were all Bohemians and Germans. At Red Wing the membership is about half city workmen and half farmers.

Those stores which had been in operation six months or more had recently inventoried and made up their annual or semi-annual balance sheets. All showed earnings enough to pay interest on their capital and a purchase dividend of from 2 to 8 per cent.

At Randolph the meeting was held in the evening in the church to a crowded house of men, women and young folks. The neighboring store of Northfield had declined a meeting for fear of not securing a large audience. A week later we received a strong appeal from Northfield to please make a date; that they had heard of the neighboring meetings which some of their members had attended and very much wanted one for themselves.

We then went to the north of Minneapolis into a solid Scandinavian country. Here we found at Lindstrom and Scandia large and prosperous companies. The creameries had been long established and, as various people told me, they had made the country. From Scandia, Minn., we went to Frederic, Wis., and there began the tour of the Polk County Company, in which there are ten stores or branches. This is the oldest company in the League, having, in fact, been started before the League came into existence. It is presided over by a substantial young Swede named Bloomdahl, and the business is under the general management of an energetic and capable merchant named Schneider. The company has just rebuilt its burnt store at Amery at a cost of $19,000, and they carry in it a merchandise stock valued at more than $20,000.

From Centuria we drove ten miles to Lykens, where the meeting was held at the church hour in a hall used by a church. We visited in succession Amery, Stillwater, Baldwin, Hersey, Knapp, and then from Spring Valley drove to Rock Elm, which is one of the nine stores in the Pepin County Company. At Rock Elm they served a dinner for all comers, not less than 300. We had a good meeting in the afternoon and another one in the evening. Next we drove to Plum City, where also dinner was served and a good afternoon meeting held. Thence we drove to Arkansaw and spent the Sunday with General Manager Plummer and his family. On Monday dinner was served to about 500 and a large meeting held afterwards. We drove to Eau Galle, and thereafter to Jordan, where we again reached the railroad. This company, in its nine stores, did a business last year of $190,000, earned interest on its money and a modest dividend on purchases. From Jordan we traveled by rail to Wonewoc, and wound up our missionary tour at Sun Prairie on the evening of the 27th.

Our mission was in part to ascertain how the individual stores were managed, what the spirit of the members and the people was and what their prospects of success. We were very well satisfied. There was general good will, harmony and enthusiasm. We heard very few signs of complaint and none of discouragement. None but good stores have been bought, and the former merchant as manager has his reputation at stake and his instinctive desire for success. He removes the common difficulty of finding a good manager.

The presence in the country of well-established and successful coöperative creameries, and in many cases coöperative elevators, has given some good experience and a basis for confidence. The people are not expecting too much. They seem quite as much interested in the idea as in the results.

ments, large houses, barns and stock, well-kept farms

and an extraordinary proportion of large families. Director Sutter, in the Pepin County Company, is one of twenty-two children of the same father and mother. President Doughty, of the Pepin Company, has sixteen living children and more than thirty grandchildren. I talked with several members of the same company who had families of from eight to thirteen living children.

The contrast between the general condition of this country and the southern farm country, with which I am familiar, cannot be overstated. Nothing could go so far to reconstruct southern farming as good creameries and other coöperative associations. Dairying brings a man ready cash at all times of the year; it keeps him steady at his work, because the cows must be attended to morning and night, and it improves his land by furnishing an abundance of fertilizer. The advantage of the coöperative creamery over the privately-owned one is that it yields a larger return and brings the neighbors together for mutual information and encouragement.

This League propaganda system looks like a permanent start at successful coöperative stores in the United States. It holds itself to the Rochdale System and works in so compact a territory that all can be supervised and all can act jointly.

Coöperation is important for its economy, its equality and its honesty. Still more important is it as opening the door to social action and fellowship feeling, which private trade so much tends to close. And finally it is important in clearing the ground that religious feeling and practice may have a chance to grow. It is not first and mainly dollars and cents; it is morality and religion reconstructed or lived up to its ideal. But it has gone a long way toward it; it is firmly established; its principles have been verified; it is making a new race of leaders; it is full of promise.

N. O. Nelson.

My Choice

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
  It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
  W'y, rain's my choice.

In this existence, dry and wet
  Will overtake the best of men—
Some little shift o' clouds 'll shet
  The sun off now and then;
    They ain't no sense as I can see,
    Immortals such as you and me,
    A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,
    And lockin' horns with Providence.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
  It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
  W'y rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

What you seek you find, as a rule. Go into the forest looking for ant-hills and the Lilliputian peaks will hide from you great oaks and aged boulders. Search the crowd for bitterness and you will get gall enough to flavor your food many days. Trail beauty and every human hedge provides a quarry. For it is man's nature to want to satisfy the searcher.—*The Fra.*

To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our soul—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—*Maeterlinck.*

Life has been awfully injured when it looks only back.—*David Swing.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

Chapter VII.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

The year of grace 1880 was a notable one in the life of David Swing and of Central Church. That year, on the 4th of January, Central Music Hall was dedicated with simple but impressive ceremonies. It was a day of triumph. There stood the gentle preacher, serene, radiant, modest, his character lighting up like an altar lamp the teachings of his words, a gracious figure amid a scene of his own enchantment. His genius, his spirit, his faith, were in perfect harmony with the place and the setting. In many a heart he stands today, as he stood that day, ruggedly simple, gently wise, refusing to say farewell!

Music Hall stood at the corner of Randolph and State streets, in the very heart of the city. It was a stone structure, six stories high, with store-rooms and offices fronting on State street, and a small music room in which the mid-week meetings of Central Church were held. The hall proper lay further back, in the form of an amphitheater, with a skylight of stained glass of pleasing design and soft tints. In the rear and on the south side, facing Randolph street, were rich cathedral windows, enshrining medallion busts of great composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Hayden, Bach, and others. This stately hall, the pride of the city and one of the most spacious auditoriums in the West, at once a temple and a civic forum, was a spiritual as well as a financial investment. The moving spirit in the enterprise was the late George B. Carpenter, to whom the modest preacher was a dear friend and "the St. John of a new era in theology." It was built by the men of Chicago primarily as a platform for David Swing, and as such it will be forever associated with his name. Visitors to the city flocked to Music Hall much as they did to Plymouth Church in the days of Beecher, or to Trinity Temple when its dim recesses were made luminous by the genius and faith of Phillips Brooks.

The dedicatory audience is not yet dismissed, and all who remain remember that day as one of uplifting solemnity. Everything was true to one spirit, one keynote. Exquisite was the word to be applied to everything. The preacher himself, tranquil and low-voiced, won all hearts as, standing behind the walnut desk, beside a floral harp—fit emblem of his genius and faith—he asked all to join in singing his favorite hymn—

"They who seek the Father's face,
  Find He dwells in every place.
If we live a life of prayer,
  God is present everywhere."

His prayer that morning was strangely tender, as if offered in mingled gratitude and regret—gratitude for the beauty and joy of the scene, blended with a subdued regret that the lips whose softly smiled blessing would have been dearer than the blessing of all others had been sealed in death. But the cloud passed, and the prayer mounted aloft from the shadowed earth to the shadowless heavens. He began his sermon—which he read, as was his wont—slowly, and in a voice so low that it was hard to hear him. But as he moved along the volume of tone increased until in his climaxes it rang out like a trumpet. His gestures were few, quite awkward, and nearly always with the left hand. The more tender passages were preceded by a

lifting of the chin which seemed, somehow, to add to their power. It was a unique eloquence, but it was eloquence, and all the more attractive for its touch of quaintness.

"Is Protestantism a Failure?" was the theme of the sermon, and no theme could have been more appropriate, for Central Church was in its genius and form the ultimate logic of Protestantism. Not uniformity, not conformity, but unity was its ideal—a unity, that is, not of belief but of faith, not of opinion but of spirit and aim. The sermon took note of many objections from Bussuet's "Variations of Protestantism" down, and argued that the fierce rancor of the sects is better than a dead, despotic peace which drives thinkers and seekers after truth away from the altar. Toleration of many forms of thought, of absurdities even, renders those who hold them less positive and less bitter. Catholics and Protestants have both erred in exacting unity of opinion and rite. Admitting that their aim was good, they have often violated the very soul of Christianity in seeking such a desirable result. It is better to begin with a unity of righteousness and piety —things the most needful and about which there is no debate—and on this common ground move toward that unity of vision which is the grand destiny of the church. Eternity will give us ample time to settle the unsolvable problems of theology. There, like children with our lettered blocks of wisdom, all unfettered, we may see who can build the most perfect creed. Until then, let there be varieties of opinion, but one spirit of fellowship and love, as we journey towards the higher unity of things which differ. In the meantime:

"The religious life is affected by only three or four doctrines. All other ideas are perfectly harmless. They may be enumerated in a printed volume, but they cannot be counted in the human heart. What St. John's religion was in detail no one knows, but all know what it is to be in the Spirit. This was known to Jesus, John and Paul; it was known to Fenelon and Chalmers and Pere Marquette, known to Cardinal Newman and the poet Cowper. The vital power of religion is all stored away in a few joyous or solemn thoughts. All these widely scattered worshipers meet in one spirit. Whatever differences of idea may exist down in the schools of theology, all men agree if only they are able to get into the upper air. . . . To what better ideas can we dedicate this new place of worship today than to these two thoughts—the simple words of Jesus and his disciples and to the private right of each mind to weigh for himself all those words of hope and alarm. In those words we shall find creed enough, and what beauty perfect accord may fail to bring may perhaps come by the path of intellectual freedom. . . . If with ease our city of a half million can furnish such an audience, what may it not do in the years not far away when these streets shall have doubled their throngs, which, like you and me, will wish to study the duties and problems of this passing life. To the simple text of the Bible let us dedicate our temple today. A new year and a new building cannot indeed bring us a new religion, for the truths of our Master know nothing of the notations of times. If there were angels or men living a million years ago, they had no more perfect law of conduct than that moral law we find in Christ, and should there be men on earth a million years from this day, they will not be able to announce a creed truer than the lessons of the Son of God. The new spiritual riches which alone we can bring to these new scenes is a new love of God, a new love of man, and a new devotion to all the duties and hopes of the Christian pilgrimage."

Of the sermons of this fruitful year not even so much as a list can be given. There was one on "Music" —after which $10,000 was forthcoming to pay for the temple organ—and as an interpretation of the spiritual meaning and ministry of that heavenly art there is not another like it. Another had to do with "The Intellectual Pursuits," and another with the doctrine of "Mediation," a principle of social life lifted aloft to divine beauty in Christ, as of old the Parthenon "sprang out of the limestone terraces of the Acropolis, carrying the natural lines of the rock by gradations scarce perceptible into the finished beauty of frieze and pediment"; another, imbued at once with religious and patriotic faith, was entitled, "The Religion of George Washington." Dip into these characteristic sermons anywhere by hazard, and one finds a smoothly flowing series of inspiring epigrams, uniting the beautiful in thought and spirit with the practical in modern life. Of the preacher, the editor of the *Boston Herald*, after a visit to Chicago and a Sunday in Music Hall, wrote:

"Though far below Mr. Beecher in magnetic power, he is the great preacher of the West, and counts the most cultivated people of that city in his audience. He is a thin, spare, intellectual-looking man, all brain and nerves, full of vitality; not the man to lead hosts to battle, but a ruler of the realm of reason, and no idle observer of the movements of the world. His personality is the least part of him, though, in times of excitement, when mind and heart are aroused to their utmost, it might be said of him, as Dr. Channing once said when he was reminded of his small stature, 'When I am mad I weigh a ton.' Yet there is something in this man, quite below the surface, which explains his power and which enables him to sustain the intellectual enthusiasm with which he is followed. In the strict interpretation of oratory he is not great, and yet he is an attractive speaker. He has a rare discernment of the kind of teaching that thoughtful people stand in need of. He never treats a text exegetically, never speaks with the emphasis of a man who has nothing to say. This does not mean that he is free from mannerisms. He is apt to be slow in starting. There is a shaking of the head, a wriggling of the body, and the sentences are often cut up by emphasis upon the wrong words. But when he is aroused the defects of his voice disappear directly, and there is a force, a fervor, in what he says. His gestures, though, are bad, and his enunciation is, at times, indistinct. These are his negative qualities. His sermons have the essay form, and their strength seems to lie very largely in the thought which inspires them. They abound in fresh, original, vital thinking. There are few finer utterances of the American pulpit than his weekly sermons printed in *The Alliance*, and the remarkable thing about them is that they will be as interesting years hence as they are today. If Mr. Beecher has taken the American sermon out of its conventional methods and taught the preachers freedom, Swing has taught them after the manner of his great Master, how to make the sermon as inclusive in its range and as constructive in its methods as is the large, free life through which we are passing. In some respects he preaches Christianity in a wider, stronger, freer way than any of his peers in America. He has come to understand supremely well what is wanted in a modern sermon. If not a great orator, he is certainly one of the few preachers who knows what to say, and his remarkable insight into the spiritual contents of life is the secret of his unique, subtle power over the lives of his fellow men."

Every minister should have a field of study, a kind of recreation ground, apart from his labor of making sermons, and the more remote the better. Else he will find himself "going to seed," as Swing called it, and all his reading running to sermons. For the ministry, like every profession, limits one's power, and the rattling of sermon skeletons tends, imperceptibly, to narrow the mind; not only to narrow it, but to drain it dry of inspiration and enthusiasm. So it befell that Swing betook himself to the classics, as Beecher studied horticulture, as Emerson fell back on Hindoo philosophy, which he called his "mental gymnasium." Many subjects engaged him, but the classics were "his city of the mind built against outward distraction for inward consolation and shelter"; and it was his habit to read every day several pages of that rich lore in the original language. Out of these studies grew his essays on various aspects and personalities of classic literature and life, which, besides adding to his own pleasure, were a source of delight to his friends. The first volume of these studies, and perhaps the best known of all his writings, was published in the autumn days of 1880. It was entitled "Club Essays," and was dedicated to the Chicago Literary Club—organized in

1874, with Robert Collyer as president and Swing as one of the vice presidents. All of his essays, except two, were read before this club which, in intellect and scholarship, rivaled any club in America. The essay on "Cordelia and Antigone," and that on "Romeo and Juliet," were read to the Chicago Shakespeare Club. Two volumes of his essays were published after his death, edited by his friend Franklin H. Head, under the felicitous title of "Old Pictures of Life."

The "Club Essays" live and are read to this day, having passed through many editions. They revealed Swing as one of the brightest essayists of his day, a scholar with the subtle wisdom of a humorist and the insight of a social philosopher. His style was plain, perfect English, without ruffles or frills. He was a man first and a writer afterwards, and the man kept the writer in the background. He wrote as one who loved to tell what was interesting and familiar to himself, rather than one following a profession or practicing an art; wrote in a leisurely, loitering fashion, as one descended from the race whose triumph was in architecture and its myriad windings rather than in sculpture and its oneness of impression. In every page one felt the pervasive charm of a clear, sane, wholesome feeling flowing from the springs of life in a pure and sound nature. "Augustine and His Mother" opened the volume, which closed with a brilliant sketch of the Renaissance, in which we are shown, framed in beauty, culture and sorrow, the delicate but striking figure of Olympia Morata. "Parlez Vous Francais?" was a satire on the linguistic mania which would end, he said, in our having many dialects and few ideas, whereas it is better to have many ideas and one richtoned language. "A Roman Home" was "a letter to his friend Ximines, from Tiro, a slave of Cicero," describing the family life and habits of the great orator. Here we see the orator at home, and the essayist also, for Swing's knowledge of that old, far-off Roman home was intimate and complete. One of the best essays in the volume, after the sketch of "Pliny the Younger," was the "History of Love," pointing out the fact, noted later by Vernon Lee and others, that since the days of the Greeks and even the Troubadours, there has been a spiritualization of the physical passion of love; that Dante, in his "Vita Nuova," gave love a soul, and that it has had a soul ever since, with those who have a soul for anything else. One can easily imagine the delight which these essays gave to the Chicago Literary Club.

It has always been a regret of his friends that Swing did not write a story dealing with life in ancient Greece and Rome. He knew those epic scenes and epochal minds, and it was believed that he could have made them live again. This, however, is open to doubt. There is in English one great novel of life in what are called classic times—Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola"—and perhaps Swing could not have written such a book. Attempts in this line have been many, but as reproductions of Greek or Roman life they are largely pseudo, despite some evidences of painstaking archæology. The names and places are, indeed, ancient, but the life portrayed is that of this later day in masquerade. Had Swing undertaken such a task he would have been true to life in the fair, lost days of song and story, but he was essentially an essayist, not a storyteller. He had many of the gifts of a popular author, but of ambition in that field he had none. As of fiction—with which he dallied more than once, but never attempted seriously—so of poetry. His poetical gifts were real within a range which did not mark great height or width, but even in the exercise of his modest muse he was rarely serious. The following lines were written in memory of his dear friend, James A. Garfield, and were sung by the Apollo Club at the memorial service in Chicago, September, 1881. They speak for themselves:

"Now all ye flowers make room,
Hither we come in gloom,
To make a mighty tomb,
Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led,
Wise was each word he said,
But with the mighty dead
We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest,
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed,
'Mid blinding tears.
But may his soul so white,
Rise in triumphant flight,
And in God's land of light
Spend endless years."

It was a custom of his ministry, as we have seen in the cases of Sumner and Mill, to take note of great men as one by one they passed off the mortal stage. Of Longfellow he spoke under the title, "Great Associations," using for a text the words of the disciples on the way to Emmaus: "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us?" He classed Longfellow with Tennyson, not as of equal genius, but as a great outside preacher of faith, of morals, of beauty, who "sought to change the theological deserts into gardens." In a mid-week lecture, and also in an editorial, he frankly confessed: "Emerson, I do not understand. He is an American Sphinx. Not only was his poetry full of things hard to understand, but upon his prose something of the same shadow fell. When about forty years old he was seen to be powerful in simple narrative; but sitting down to place on record his own creations, he preferred twilight to noonday, and cast his forms in shadows." This utterance so astonished Beecher that he devoted one of his *Christian Union* editorials to it. Swing, he said, had been away so much and so long visiting the old classic times and places that he had failed to recognize the two great poets of the future—Emerson and Browning. Unless we accept some such explanation as this, Swing himself was the enigma.

(*To be continued.*)

A Mother's Love

There is an old legend that runs in this wise: At creation's dawn an angel came down to earth, and before returning looked about for something to carry back to heaven. There were three things that attracted the attention of the white-winger messenger—a bouquet of sweet flowers that had been gathered from one of the earth's fair and blooming gardens, the smile of a little baby that had been playing with a sunbeam, and a mother's love. These three the angel carried away, but when he reached the pearly gates of paradise the flowers had withered—the baby's smile had vanished. Only the mother's love remained the same, and being found as pure and eternal as the waters that flowed by God's throne, all the angels that ranged about exclaimed in unison: "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a mother's love." This was a tribute containing a sublime thought. And through all the ages it has been human experience that the angels referred to in that far-away legend were not over-extravagant in the message which they passed out through the open windows of the "many mansions" along the banks of the "River of Gold."—*Exchange.*

The Attitude of the Christian Toward Socialism from the Church Point of View

PAPER READ BEFORE THE OUTLOOK CONFERENCE, MONDAY, FEB. 24, 1908, BY REV. FRANK L. ANDERSON, PASTOR OF NORMAL PARK BAPTIST CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The economic and the spiritual cannot be separated without danger to the higher interests of men. The economic divorced from the spiritual runs into gross materialism, while the spiritual divorced from the economic gives us a pious product so unrelated to the actual experiences of men that society inevitably loses contact with what should be the great dynamic in social betterment. The author of "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," speaks of "the upthrust of wholesome discontent, which is commonly the push of a divine purpose resident within." That discontent has an economic phase distinctively at this time. Let the Christian ideals remain unrelated to this aspect of our social life and both the economic and the spiritual will suffer, if not die. What God has joined together man must not put asunder.

We have spoken of aspects. Absolute separation is an absolute impossibility. The making of money in order to satisfy legitimate human needs is work permeated with moral and spiritual ideas and ideals. No dollar was ever made or spent without the maker coming in contact with the spiritual principles of life. There is no non-moral realm to a moral being. Whether he eats or drinks or whatsoever he does, he does it either in obedience to or in disobedience of mercy, justice, law, righteousness. The man himself moralizes that on which he works. He casts his own shadow upon the work of his hands. He gives his own character to his industrial environment. The material wears the colors of the nature of the moral man.

The church has a distinctive *spiritual* mission. It is the exponent and prophet of the invisible power not our own that moves men towards the rule of righteousness among men. The church, in others terms, is the forerunner of the Kingdom of God which comes through the operation of invisible forces, but is itself in no sense a disembodied something the presence of which can be determined with no more certainty than the ghosts of the departed.

It was said by one of the church fathers that what the soul is to the body that Christians are in the world. The soul is in no sense unrelated to the body. Every mental state speaks in terms of the material body. Mental and spiritual states cannot remain in compartments all by themselves. So with the church in relation to the industrial life of man. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread. The ideals of the church color the industrial life of men. Are these ideals allowed to speak, then the bread problem is affected. Are these ideals kept in a sort of monastic cell, the social life of men suffers. But permanent separation is impossible. Monasticism is always a temporary experiment. The ideals of the church are spiritual from one point of view, but they are inevitably bound to find concrete expression in the economic life of men. The spiritual unity of the early Christians found expression in a common table and in a common purse. The *spirit* of brotherhood found a language in common possessions and in a service that was based on needs and not on deserts and merits.

Socialism is primarily an economic movement. Its emphasis—emphasis, I say—is upon material welfare —at least as a starting point—as a condition of a nobler humanity. The movement, I say, is distinctively economic as the church is spiritual. The economic colors the spiritual as the spiritual colors the material life of men. They open up into each other. They influence mutually. The one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee." We believe that God is immanent in the church. That is the profession the church makes. What would happen in the realm of our economic life should we practically recognize that God is immanent in our industrial life—or should be? What if one would say not only of the church but also of the economics, that there is one spirit, while there are diversities of workings and manifestations? What happens when the church incarnates that ideal? We know. There will be mutual service and not selfish individualism. The apostles, prophets, teachers and the like, live and work for the building up of the churches as a unit. The whole life of the church becomes *organized* in obedience to *service for those who need*. The solidarity of the church determines the life and organization of the church. The church is a socialistic institution, because of its ideal. The ideal has created the organization. Whenever individualism has gotten the upper hand in a church that church has suffered terribly. The church is organized for the service of all and not for the profit of the few, Ananias and Sapphira, the first to introduce individualism into a socialistic church were electrocuted by the socialistic Spirit of Holiness.

Socialism in the church and individualism in economics cannot remain long in the same society. The multitudes outside of the church care little for the church because they suspect the church is individualistic in its practices, being the organization, as they say, that is controlled by a few who are themselves autocrats in economics. Brotherhood and socialism are interchangeable terms. Whenever the church has practiced brotherhood the poor have sought its service. The church that today is organized so as to guarantee the greatest service for the greatest number, gains the attention of the wage worker. That church is socialistic and not individualistic.

The church being a socialistic institution should not wage war upon the attempt to organize our economics on its own principle. Socialism in the church has been tried and found not wanting. Wherever the church has been most socialistic the multitudes have been most truly helped in the direction of the highest ideals of character and service.

Let us remember that socialism has been tried in *politics*. We in America believe in democracy in politics. The church has stood for it. Pastors have preached in favor of it. Have they been criticized for doing this? They have been canonized at times. If we would give our very lives for maintaining democracy, *i. e.*, socialism in politics why not do the same in order to secure the operation of that same principle in economics? Again, what kind of a churchman would he be who would advocate the reintroduction of monarchy in the home? Would the *patria potestas* be welcomed in America? Would not preachers be expected to use the power of the pulpit against the reintroduction of such an ideal? The family is organized on the socialistic basis. Individualism in the home would mean its destruction.

There was a time when schools were the property of individuals or groups of individuals. The movement now is towards the socialistic ideal. Of course all our *public* schools are operating on the socialistic principle. Would you, churchmen, inaugurate a crusade in favor of private schools only to be permitted by law? The very rich would not object, but the poor would. Our public schools are stars of the first magnitude in our national firmament. But they are organized on the

I was much impressed with the splendid improve-socialistic principle and for social service.

The church, the state, the home, the schools, these are socialistic—and these we as churchmen, stand for. There is but one more department in our life that has not as yet come into this great family. That is our economics. What is the sign of the times? What is the spirit of the age? It is collectivism. The solidarity of the human family is one of the organizing ideas of today. I believe it is the voice of the Spirit of God. Industry must be organized for the service of the many and not remain where it now is for the service of the few and the *charity* of the many. It means revolution. But we must remember that we are professed followers of Him who has revolutionized society again and again. Of Him we say on Sunday, "He hath put down princes from their thrones, and exalted them of low degree. The hungry He hath filled with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." Isn't that revolutionary? I dare any clergyman to preach a sermon on that text without having the stigma of revolutionist put upon him even in this twentieth century of our Lord's influence. The Christian is not a conserver of ideals generally accepted. He is a radical who will not conform to the age in which he lives, but will permit the Spirit to renew his mind daily with the sure truth that never fails to come to such open, responsive souls. The church is not in the *mummy* making business. It does not stand for the perpetuation of vested interests whether in theology, or in politics, or in economics. It is no longer a sin to be a theological heretic. Political heretics are heroes in our nation's history. The only realm in which heretics are most feared at present is in economics. Those who are earnest in alleviating suffering produced by adverse conditions are saints even when they have themselves pushed the victim over the bank into the water whence they rescued him with their left hand, the charity organization. But the socialist has set out to do away with a system of economics that has cast multitudes into a material and spiritual hell in this world.

Economic orthodoxy cannot live long with theological and political heterodoxy. The spirit of democracy that has put the emphasis in theology on an immanent God as over against a transcendent God, that has put the emphasis in politics on the rule of the people for the people as over against the rule of the sovereign for the sovereign's glory, that spirit demands that our economics shall be reorganized upon that same principle. Our nation cannot exist long two-thirds liberal and one-third conservative. The church must beware lest it become the advocate and exponent of good customs that too often corrupt the world. The church of Christ, whenever it obeys the Spirit of Christ, is inevitably revolutionary. There was a time when the church stood squarely for slavery. It spoke in order to conserve and perpetuate that institution. We are not praising the church for its conservatism in those days. We blush and apologize. There is a slavery today as terrible as was negro slavery. The economic autocrats in those days were pigmies compared with those in power today. Will the church speak for *property* rather than for the *man?* That was the message the church declared fifty years ago. Will the church repeat her folly? Will the church exalt the mighty and keep down those of low degree? If so, the next generation will blush and apologize for our acts today.

The church stands primarily for the spiritual interests of men. But we know how the economic affects the spiritual. The church must interest itself in the economic for the defense and culture of the spiritual. The message Moses brought to Pharaoh from the Lord was, "Let my people go that they may serve me." That exodus was an economic movement, but with a spiritual aim. The economic conditions of the Hebrews injured their spiritual interests. There must be economic liberty before there can be spiritual culture of the highest kind. Is there any economic ideal before the world today so comprehensive as that held by socialists? It proposes to give economic liberty to all men. As a churchman, I am in duty bound to co-operate with any economic movement that maintains such an ideal. Its realization will mean a nobler manhood, a profounder spiritual revival. The abolition of slavery meant not only better conditions for the negroes in material things, it meant intellectual enlargement and intellectual culture such as had been impossible without the emancipation. Millions of men must today have economic liberty before they can serve God and develop their spiritual nature. I believe that there is no other movement that can do as much along this line as socialism. It is not a cure all. It is but a mighty servant of the spiritual interests of men.

Socialism will affect the spiritual. The church, the prophet of the spiritual, has a great work in behalf of the socialistic movement. Jesus found ready for his use the idea of God's Kingdom among men. It was crude, gross, materialistic. He did not cast it aside. He purified it. He charged it with the ethical and the spiritual. He transformed it. The socialistic ideal has been in the hands of its advocates too often gross, crude, atheistic, materialistic. Many good churchmen have therefore been afraid of it. They have cast it away. The church must do with socialism what Jesus did with the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In conclusion then, the church and socialism, based on the same fundamental principle, must *co-operate.* They need each other. They have fought each other. The war must cease. It is ceasing. The church has received much from socialism. Socialism is receiving much from the church. God is uniting them more and more. Let us hope that together they will help in hastening the coming of God's rule in and among men.

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

The table once more has a load of books. From Harper & Bros. I have Mary Austin's "Santa Lucia." This is a fairly good novel; but I have two classes of these books—one of them novels that are got up because the author's work is called for by the publishers; and the other of novels that live just as trees live, and grow because the spirit of life is in them. I do not see how "Santa Lucia" could have grown, without a lot of commercial fertilizer. All the same it is a pretty good novel.

From Moffat, Yard & Co. I have "The Cry of the Children," a study of child-labor, by Mrs. John Van Vorst. There is a deal of value in this book, but it is one-sided, as nearly all this child study is, and it is working a lot of mischief. There is a determination to overlook the fact that the children would be worse off without the labor. The author rambles through Georgia, Alabama and sections of the North, looking at the facts of life, and the painful necessities for grind and toil, with lots of exclamation points. Unfortunately one can do this anywhere. I remember of

my boyhood some disagreeable and some hard lines. I have no inclination today to groan over them, and I am glad that I never did groan over them. I do not mean that there should not be restriction as to the employment of children in factories, and on farms, and in common families, where the parents are heartless; but we need still more to stop this whining about work, work, work, as the one horrible feature of life. On the contrary, we must learn to exalt and glorify labor. We have not settled the whole question by compulsory laws that take the children away from work, and into the school house for five hours, sitting on patent seats, and a drive of brain toil that wrecks a large share of them. Let us have a little common sense and shorten the hours of labor for the boys and girls, both in the factories and the school houses. For nine-tenths of the children that Mrs. Van Vorst has reviewed, mental strain would be vastly more destructive than physical.

"The Lady of the Mount" is published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, and written by Frederick S. Isham. I thought at first I should not like the book, but I did like it, and it has left a very pleasant feeling in my mind. It is full of action, not exactly ethical in purport, but wholesome.

"New Reading of Evolution," written by Henry C. Thompson and published by the New Reading Publishing Company at 1717 Carroll avenue, Chicago, is a book that one has to study carefully before determining its value. It is an effort to correlate the facts of nature, so as to form a scientific basis for social and individual philosophy. I have not read the book through carefully, but I have found so much in it of very high value that I can recommend the book in strong terms. One charm of the book is that it brings theory into close relation to actual life. I have laid the book one side for special study.

A little book comes from Little, Brown & Co., entitled "Buff—A Tale for the Thoughtful." This book has been on the market for some little time, but deserves a very distinct and very strong recommendation. It should be read by everybody. Slip the book in your pocket and read it in your store.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I have "Back Home," by Eugene Wood. There is considerable in this book that will be interesting to old folks. It is an improvement on a previous volume, still it relies for interest on burlesque instead of the simple poetry of those primitive and pioneer days.

From Moffat, Yard & Co. I have Upton Sinclair's "Metropolis." This is a brimful book, with terrible power of language—and I wonder if it had to be written. The pictures of high society in New York city are no revelation, but all the same they are horribly realistic. If I were God I would do something about it. What is called "best society" in our cities is too profligate for the English language—unless Upton Sinclair uses it. On the whole, you had better read the book, and then take hold in earnest for human betterment, or jump into the lake. This is no time for tweedledum and tweedledee.

The *Arena* is hammering away at public evils in a way to be felt. I wish you would get the March number and read the article entitled "Is the United States Government Making Criminals?" The April number of *Putnam's* is "dreadfully comforting" in this day of excitements—especially exciting magazines. It is up-to-date, fully, but it never forgets the quiet atmosphere of pure literature. Do you read *Suburban Life?* The April number has for a cover a huge bunch of apple blossoms. You can smell apple blossoms all through the number. I do not wonder that folks like *Suburban Life;* so do I.

The *Independent* gives us in the April 2 number a thoroughly good criticism of the warship splurge now being indulged in by the great American republic. Never in our history did we so much stand for war as today—all the more shame to us that it is the year of The Hague conference. Another article of importance in this number is "How to Save the Wild Turkey." In a recent number John Burroughs has his whack at me for believing in animal reason. I shall reply to him, and I hope that it will be a conclusive argument. The *Literary Digest* is growing even more indispensable than ever. One cannot review it, because it is itself the one great *American Review.* I place with it the *Review of Reviews,* and for literary purpose and life I rank *Atlantic* and *Putnam's Monthly* side by side. Some of us mean to make *Outing Magazine* the one greatest expression of Nature love. Can we do it?

E. P. Powell.

Meadville Notes

The middle of April brings our school to the last section of the school year. The spring recess is over (April 5-12), and we count but seven weeks now to graduation day. Since the Christmas recess we have had several interesting lectures in various lines. The Shaw lectureship, filled for many years by Professor Fenn, was held this year by Frederick Jones Bliss, Ph. D., of Beirut, and his subject was "Excavations in Jerusalem." In his single lecture on January 13 Dr. Bliss gave an attractive presentation of recent discoveries in the Holy City. His pictures and his words attested the competent and experienced explorer.

In the same month Prof. George A. Coe, of Northwestern University, delivered, on the 30th and the 31st, two admirable lectures on the Acton Ballou foundation. "Religious Education" is one of the living themes of our day, and Professor Coe is well known as one of the ablest American authorities upon it. He first treated the "Relation of Mysticism" to this important issue, and in a second lecture the "Relation of Pragmatism." Both lectures were very helpful; the second had, of course, a peculiar timeliness in view of the frequent discussion of the positions taken by our pragmatist friends. Professor Coe's treatment was at once critical and appreciative, and showed a very judicial frame of mind toward this newest method in philosophizing—if indeed it can be called new. The two lectures took rank among the best we have ever had in this much be-lectured town.

The next Acton Ballou course had a peculiar interest for our school, as it was given by Rev. Bernard J. Newman, of the Willow Place Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was graduated here in the class of 1901. Mr. Newman spent a large part of last summer in England studying various social institutions, and three of his lectures gave us excellent views of the situation of industrial betterment, social settlements and the housing problems in Great Britain at the present day. Mr. Newman went about busily and observed keenly while he was abroad, and he presented forcibly and persuasively the *rationale* of the three social movements just denoted, and the main facts in their promising outlook. A fourth lecture handled the question of the institutional church, at home and abroad, with equal vigor. The Hackley professor of sociology may be allowed here to express his especial pleasure in this return to his alma mater by a former pupil bearing well-loaded sheaves with him.

The school will graduate three good men in June, one of whom goes to the Pacific Coast very soon thereafter, and one probably to Berlin, as holder of the Croft fellowship for a year. The anniversary sermon will be delivered by the Rev. R. W. Boynton, of Buffalo, a Meadville graduate whom we are glad to have so near us. Of the plans for our summer institute for religious education Unity will soon be fully informed, if, indeed, they are not already in type with you. M. P. G.

Meadville, Pa., April 15, 1908.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

News from the Congress.

A recent cartoon in the *Record-Herald*, which represents a member of Congress explaining his services to his constituency, showing how Congress has kept "a spotless record," furnished a pretty accurate description of what Congress has been doing in recent sessions. Positively the Republican majority has passed a gag rule on the Democratic minority in the House, under the assumption that its will must be carried out, but the net result of its action is negative. Speaker Cannon, Congressmen Payne and Dalzell are credited with having effectively smothered the free pulp bill, designed to afford relief to newspapers which are compelled to pay an extravagant price for paper. At a recent meeting of the Associated Press, representatives of seven hundred and seventy-four newspapers denounced the combine of papermakers and appealed to Congress for action. The Republican leaders have ignored this plea and probably will do nothing about the case this session. It is to be hoped that by next Congress some representatives will be chosen who will not entirely ignore the public needs. Perhaps it is still true "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

In the matter of the currency bill, Congress has hesitated to adopt the Aldrich scheme, because of the almost universal protest from the whole country. It is practically admitted that the measure provided by Senator Aldrich was excellent for the banks, but inimical to the interests of the people. Will Congress also do nothing in regard to currency reform?

Harry Thaw Again.

Without the knowledge and apparently against the consent of his family, Harry K. Thaw, through his attorneys, has begun a fight for liberty from the insane asylum at Matteawan, N. Y. Thaw will appear before a Justice of the Supreme Court, probably Justice Morschauser, for a hearing to determine whether he is insane. Whatever the decision of the court or the facts in the case, it would seem manifest that the country is safer with such a man inside rather than outside the asylum.

The Presidential Campaign.

Within the last week it would seem that a remarkable change has come to pass in the outlook. Apparently the nomination of Secretary Taft by the Republicans is everywhere conceded, while, on the other hand, the nomination of Mr. Bryan, which formerly seemed impossible to doubt, is now much less certain; Governor Johnson, of Minnesota has become a formidable rival. The interest in the Brownsville negro case is not entirely lost, because of its possible effect on the negro vote. Undoubtedly there is wide interests and even indignation on the part of the negroes throughout the country, especially in the North, over the matter, but it is pointed out that President Roosevelt personally took all the responsibility in the action, Secretary of War Taft being away in Cuba and not even a party to the discharge of the soldiers. It is, therefore, assumed that hostility being toward Mr. Roosevelt personally, the matter will have little effect on the national election.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Passes Away.

The recent premier of Great Britain, who has suffered from a lingering illness for some time, passed away last week Wednesday at his official residence. Numerous messages of condolence were received and the services of this statesman, both to the British Empire and to the cause of Irish nationalism, was widely recognized. He was a consistent follower of the Gladstone policies, championing the cause of home rule for Ireland as the only solution of that problem. In this connection the new cabinet is confronted with serious difficulties in the defeat of Sir Winston Spencer Churchill, one of its members. It is asserted that Premier Asquith may be obliged to go before the country in a new election to test the support of the people.

Subway for Chicago.

The problem of transportation in Chicago presses for solution, and it is everywhere conceded that the present congestion in the loop district must somehow be abated, not only as a matter of convenience but as a condition of safety. Mayor Busse is reported as favoring a subway system as the only satisfactory solution of the problem. The local transportation committee of the Council is studying the matter and a report is expected soon. Probably the subway will be built above the present bore of the Illinois Tunnel Company, which is about forty feet below the street level, and will extend north and south, costing, perhaps, $30,000,000.

Y. M. C. A. Semi-Centennial.

The semi-centennial celebration of the local Young Men's Christian Association was brought to a magnificent close with a banquet in the Congress Hotel last Monday evening. The full program of the festivities has been carried out in detail and has served to demonstrate two very clear facts: first, the work done by the Y. M. C. A. is one of the most important religious forces in the world; second, the real quality and character of the effective ministry of the association is entirely independent of and almost unrelated to the dogmatic and theological tenets of the interdenominational committee. Practically the old theological conditions are ignored and it will be fortunate indeed when they are actually discarded.

Charge of Graft in Rockford, Ill.

The City Council at Rockford, Ill., is now being convicted of the national crime and some of its members seem to be on the highway to the penitentiary. If newspaper reports are to be trusted the city will have a house cleaning, good for the public health and hopeful for the future.

Governor Hughes Is Defeated.

By a tie vote secured by fraud the Legislature of New York defeated the race track bill championed by Governor Hughes. Recent reports seem to prove that the vote of Senator Cassady against the bill was secured by a telegram from Congressman Faucett at Washington, which was changed to read exactly opposite from what the author had written. The telegraph company admits the fraud and asserts that it has discharged the operator who was concerned in the crime—for crime it ought to be called. More than likely this incident will assist Governor Hughes in his further fight, but it must be admitted his recent action in calling the Legislature in special session has not added to his popularity, and it remains to be seen whether his patent integrity and honesty will win against the money and greed as well as hostility of his enemies. C. A. O.

Man the Sport of Nature's Forces.

Cyclones have devastated country districts in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, destroying many buildings and resulting in the loss of several hundred lives. A landslide swept part of the hamlet of Notre Dame de Salette, Quebec, down into the raging torrent of the Lievre River, blocking the channel and killing two score of the habitants. Wintry weather has been prevailing in England, more snow having fallen in three April days than in all the previous winter. In a heavy snowstorm Saturday the American liner St. Paul rammed and sunk the British cruiser Gladiator off the Isle of Wight. The dark gray paint of the warship together with the blinding snow made the collision unavoidable. The splendid exhibition of discipline on the sinking Gladiator, where the men stood in perfect alignment on the decks until the word was given for the various squads to take to the boats, was worthy of the reputation of England's navy.

Victim of Drugs and Debts.

A pitiful story is uncovered by the sudden death in Paris of the Duke of Chaulnes, who only two months ago became the husband of the daughter of Mr. Theodore Shonts, formerly of the Panama Commission. Hounded by creditors clamoring for payment out of his newly-acquired American riches, and the victim of long-standing drug habits, to the public it will certainly seem that his death was a fortunate release for the American girl who had been fascinated by his title and his French manners. In the face of constant exposure and ridicule this extraordinary confidence game continues to be worked in broad daylight, titled foreigners rotten with vices and loaded with debts paying successful court to American young women of fortune.

Suicide.

The deliberate suicide of Mrs. Jessie Llewellyn Call, an accomplished daughter of former Governor Llewellyn, of Kansas, who, having struggled in vain against a nervous malady, came to a Chicago hotel and arranged what she called her "resignation" in a manner most courteous and thoughtful towards all concerned, is an example of a type of suicide which is becoming alarmingly frequent, and is likely to become more and more common in highly developed civilizations. We smiled once at the Chinese "harikari," but we are beginning to see that that was because China had in some respects advanced farther than we in certain directions. Were Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann prophets? W. B. T.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE ABSINTHE QUESTION AGAIN: PROGRESS.—It is but a few weeks since I told you something of the dissatisfaction, particularly in Romance, Switzerland, with the attitude of the Federal Council in regard to the desired Federal initiative for a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe throughout the Confederation. The clever little parable of the twenty-two children, who had not only a father and mother, but also four grandparents and an old uncle, did not pass unheeded. On the contrary, it promptly called out in the *Signal* a query as to the whereabouts of the mother, a father, the grandparents and an old uncle, very good. The seven members of the Federal Council would have no difficulty in distributing these eminently respectable parts among themselves, but how could the author of this clever little apalogue fail to see as plain as day that it is the entire absence of the maternal element in the management of the affairs of the Swiss family which accounts for many a blunder prejudicial to the welfare of the twenty-two children. Had there been a mother at Bern, would she have hesitated a moment as to the course to take to save from ruin several of her children? Would she have agreed to the response made by the "Seven" to the ardent supplication of some of the "twenty-two"?

Let us see things, then, as they really are: the women of Switzerland, the mothers, the trainers of the people perceive at last that they have no voice in the councils of the nation. They have been told—in good faith, no doubt,—that man is the natural and sufficient representative of the interests of the family. They will no longer believe it. They must needs accept the evidence that not all the fathers and all the uncles in the world can replace the mothers, where these are wanting. A day is coming when the sons they now hold on their knees, taught by them to seek a higher justice, will desire to give them their fitting place in public administration, and when the State's housekeeping will no longer be that of a bachelor ménage.

Meantime, the absinthe question would not down. A late issue of *Le Signal* contains some very ringing speeches made at Bern in support of the Federal initiative.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Ador, of Geneva, 'what touches you, touches us,' we said to our colleagues from German Switzerland, when it was a question of checking the ravages due to phosphorus.

"Turn about is fair play in this matter of absinthe. That concerns us, so today it is you, deputies from German Switzerland, who should say: 'What touches you, touches us.'

"We appeal to your solidarity, and it is not at a time when we feel that without your aid we shall accomplish nothing, and when the Swiss people ask you to help us by an affirmative vote that you will refuse to reach us a hand."

Mr. Ador then went on to tell what was already going on at Geneva, where an attempt was being made to secure signatures in favor of the repeal of the cantonal anti-absinthe law recently passed. "We need," he said, "the co-operation of the Confederation and I appeal to the heart, the reason and the intelligence of the members of this assembly. I have confidence, moreover, in their good sense, and in that of the Swiss people."

Said another speaker, Mr. Secretan:

"One hundred and sixty-eight thousand citizens demand of you energetic measures against absinthe. They come from all parts of Switzerland, from German, as well as French, cantons. You can see that the people have become educated on this question. It remains to educate our law-makers.

"Had we asked you to intervene with a Federal law before taking any action ourselves, you would have a right to say, 'Use your own powers, first; we do not drink absinthe in our cantons, but if your efforts prove inadequate, we will come to your assistance.' That is precisely the situation. Yaud and Geneva did what they could, but the struggle is not over. The manufacturers of absinthe are rich and influential. We have encountered them already on our track, them and their money. In the beginning the café-keepers seemed to remain neutral. They said they did not make much on the sale of absinthe. But the manufacturers summoned them to make common cause with them, and now all the café men are hostile to the prohibitory law. You know what a power that means. Mr. Ador has already told you that a petition is in circulation in Geneva calling for a reconsideration of our law. If you waver the Geneva law is lost and that of canton Yaud seriously endangered.

"We do not ask you to act but simply to permit action, and above all not to *undo;* for that is what it will amount to if you take a hostile attitude to the initiative and refuse us your aid. You can not, you ought not; not for this was the Swiss Confederation formed; not for this have we sworn to work together for the common good of all its members. Switzerland extends clear to the Juras, and Geneva and Yaud are a part of it."

The result of these and other similar speeches was a vote of 82 to 53 in the National Council, and of 24 to 12 in the Council of State, *in favor* of the initiative. A result hailed with grateful rejoicings in Geneva.

In another part of the same paper, I notice a vigorous denunciation, clipped from a Catholic trade-union organ, of the attempt to overthrow the anti-absinthe law adopted in 1907 by popular vote with a handsome majority. "As for us," it says, "our attitude is unequivocal. When the law was first submitted to vote our society, by unanimous vote of the 150 members present, passed a resolution calling upon the working people as a whole to show themselves in favor of the law.

"Comrades, you can not go back on your own decision; as Christians, primarily, it is your duty to set an example to your brothers of combating without ceasing or mercy the scourge of alcoholism.

"And next, as citizens, you will say what you think of the respect due to a deliberate expression of the popular will, and openly express your disapproval of proceedings so utterly at variance with our political institutions and with our sane conception of democracy.

"Let us see to it, then, that not one of us signs this initiative."

M. E. H.

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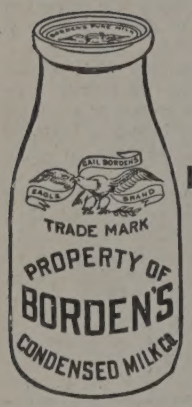

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